

# The Musical World.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1881.

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## NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Thursday, Oct. 13.

The exhaustion of Biblical subjects for cantata and oratorio has had the effect of diverting the attention of composers to those early records of the Christian Church which, no less than Sacred Writ itself, abound in examples of faith and heroism. Scarcely a year now passes without the musical crowning of some martyr—a new form of beatification which may, or may not, amount to a beatitude. St Polycarp, St Cecilia, St Dorothea, Placidia, and Margarita of Antioch are amongst the personages who have been so honoured within recent memory, while this morning St Ursula was added to the illustrious group, Mr Francillon acting as her poet and Mr Cowen as her composer. Against the choice of St Ursula nothing important can be said. The story of the Martyr of Cologne is sufficiently romantic and pathetic, and in its complete form would need to be treated with the amplitude of an oratorio rather than kept within the restricted limits of a cantata. Mr Francillon, as may be supposed, deals only with certain scenes in the legend of the saint, taking these from the most commonly received version, which differs as to some important points from the metrical story of Robert Hatfield, the Rochester monk—which story, by the way, was one of the earliest issued from the press of Wynkyn de Worde. The legend may be sketched in outline as follows: Dionotus, a Christian chief ruling in Cornwall, has a daughter, Ursula, whose hand is sought in marriage by Conan, son of a King of Britain, variously named, but who may there be called Agrippinus. The king is a pagan, but, out of love for his son, he consents to the wooing of Ursula. Ambassadors are, therefore, despatched into Cornwall, demanding the hand of the Princess, which her Christian father reluctantly grants, dreading the consequences of refusal. Meanwhile, Ursula seeks counsel of heaven, and is told in a vision what she must do. On an appointed day the Princess appears, and declares the terms upon which alone she will wed Conan. They are that herself and ten other virgins, each accompanied by a retinue of a thousand maidens, may be permitted to embark in eleven ships, and remain absent three years; Conan, in the interim, to be instructed as to the Christian faith. The extraordinary stipulation is acceded to, and the maidens having been collected from all parts, the fleet solemnly sets sail from the mouth of the Tamar, the fair devotees themselves acting as mariners.

Thus in their shippes these sayntes celestyall  
 Sayled for solace, and lauded every nyght,  
 Till that our Lorde to his courte dyde them call  
 With boryall blastes dyde stra'che theyr sayles tyght.  
 To be theyr gydes he sente his angelles bryght,  
 Athwarte the see by his dyvnye prouvyson,  
 Brought them to haven through his immoderat myght  
 In the parte of Tilia preserved in his tuiyon.

Sailing up the Rhine to Cologne, Ursula receives a revelation from Heaven as to her fate of martyrdom, and gladly the flotilla pushes on to Basle, whence the pilgrims pursue their way afoot to Rome. Having visited the holy places and received the Pope's blessing, the sacred band retrace their steps, accompanied, as some versions say, by the Pontiff himself, and a crowd of holy persons eager to copy their example and to share their fate. Meanwhile Conan, impatient of delay, goes in pursuit of his bride, and ascending the Rhine to Cologne there meets Ursula and her companions on their passage down. Unhappily, the Huns are just then devastating the country round about, and the barbarians, observing the fleet, immediately assail it. Many of the virgins are killed on board their ships, but the rest calmly land in the midst of their enemies. While the massacre goes on, Ursula and Conan are hailed before the savage chief, who, condemning the Prince to instant death, offers the Princess the alternative of sharing his throne or her lover's fate:

This vertuous virgyn abhorred his fleshly proffre,  
 In hyyn rebukynge with wordes mylde and sage.  
 The seed of Sathan her saypence myght not suffre,  
 But grenned for woo with rancour he began to rage.  
 He drew an arowe his anger to asswage,  
 And perced the prudent prymerose thrughe ye brayne,

Commendynge her soule to Cryste with all courage.  
 Thus were these sayntes dysperpled, spoyled, and slayne.

The scenes chosen by Mr Francillon are, first, the decision of Ursula; second the departure of the fleet; third, the massacre; and in the course of treating these he has made a few changes, for each of which good reason might be assigned. Thus, Conan is his own and his father's ambassador to Dionotus; so that the interest of the lover's presence may not be wanting at a critical moment, while the scene of the martyrdom is transferred from the bank of the Rhine to the interior of a church, the reason in this case, I apprehend, being a purely musical one, not unconnected with the "pealing organ's solemn sound." The workmanship of the libretto is not of a very exalted order, neither is it by any means contemptible, the poet steering with sedateness and respectability between these extremes. As a work for music, however, the libretto presents the serious fault of monotony in rhythm. Only on two or three occasions does the author help the composer by varying the structure of his verse—a point upon which, it seems to me, composers can hardly be too exigent.

In the music of *St Ursula* Mr Cowen reveals himself as working upon another system and towards another artistic end than that with which he has hitherto been associated. In his former compositions we recognized design and method based upon orthodox lines—on the lines, that is to say, of the classical rather than the modern masters. Whereas here he distinctly moves away from the first group and approaches the second. *St Ursula* undoubtedly stands forth as representative of that in music which most distinguishes recent developments. That it is not representative in anything approaching an extravagant measure must be allowed, still the fact remains that through this work the composer gives in his adhesion to new principles and practices. Mr Cowen has, therefore, taken a serious step, but not one that necessarily severs him from the past, or dissociates him from the musicians who made the past illustrious. No artistic progress is altogether bad. In fact, music has been wrought up to what it is by extracting and appropriating the good out of generations of faulty theories, the errors of which were long ago consigned to oblivion. There is, consequently, no need for any composer to ignore what is going on around him. While finding much to reject, he may also find something to lay hold of and use for the legitimate development of an art in respect of which it would be absurd to preach finality. But the distinguishing between what is good and what is bad demands careful judgment and a well-balanced mind. Nor does difficulty end with choice. There is next the delicate work of so weaving the new into the texture of the old that the one may agree with the other, and the whole appear as a homogeneous fabric. Judging by the example in hand, Mr Cowen has hardly acquired sufficient skill in manipulating his new material. In places its crudeness is obvious, and where we look for a line of beauty we find a sharp angle. Nevertheless, I must do prompt justice to the character of the work and the spirit in which it has been written. The composer's loftiness of aim and earnest endeavour command respect and admiration even where the end is barely reached. As for the many passages distinguished as much by achievement as purpose, they of course exact unqualified homage. Coming more to particulars, let me point out the distinctive features of *St Ursula*. In the first place, it is a pronounced example of representative themes, the use of this device, indeed, bordering upon the excessive. It is a no less pronounced example of the more than equality which modern usage gives to the orchestra in association with voices, the chief interest and beauty of the cantata being found in its instrumental effects, while of the scoring it may be said that the independent and plentiful use of the "wind" and the prevalence of harmonized passages for the lower registers of the instruments belong essentially to the music of the present day. In his harmony, moreover, Mr Cowen is sometimes rugged almost to archaism, and has sought to put an analogous stamp upon his melody. Although themes of great beauty are scattered about the work, the more distinguishing subjects, while far removed from commonplace, do not correspond with the general



idea of a perfect tune, but are apparently strained and artificial. It may be concluded from what I have just said, that *St Ursula* is a work of great interest—the serious production of an earnest mind, and one not to be judged in haste or flippantly dismissed. No conclusion could be more prudent. The cantata bespeaks study in a voice of authority, and he who would adjudicate thereupon in haste condemns himself. For my own part, I shall decline to appraise the exact value of the work now, and will not presume to foretell its place in art, content rather to specify certain admirable numbers about which dispute is hardly possible. Although the ruggedness to which I have referred is not absent from the opening chorus, “Come forth, sweet maid,” that quality exists in combination with unquestionable power of treatment and force of expression. It is no nerveless hand that Mr Cowen here lays upon his audience, but a hand which grasps and holds. We feel that the composer has something to say, and a manner of speaking that must compel attention. In keeping is the general treatment of the whole scene, though I do not overlook pages wherein the vocal interest appears comparatively small. These, however, are largely atoned for by others that rise to the point of absolute beauty. The second scene opens with a characteristic chorus of sailors, “Sea winds are blowing,” with which is presently combined another sung by the people, “Days will be dreary while you are gone,” and ultimately a third allotted to Ursula and the Virgins, “Thee, God, we pray.” This scene is one of great elaboration, is least distinguished by the peculiarities upon which I have touched, and—shall I say in consequence?—bids fair to be the most popular. It is beautifully scored with a view to picturesque effect; the subjects are well contrasted and well worked in combination, and the whole is brought to an exciting climax. A savage chorus of Huns introduces the scene of the massacre, and is fortunately not extended enough to become monotonous, as might easily have been the case owing to its uniform character. This is followed by a beautiful air for Conan, “The river sings,” and thenceforth the departure hymn of the Virgins and the chorus of Huns mingle together and break apart in strange and dramatic contrast, while the action hastens on to catastrophe. Here and there through this exciting and long-continued part of the work the composer seems to flag, but he quickly gathers fresh energy, and finally makes his climax where it should be—at the end. To sum up as far as possible now, I could have wished *St Ursula* in certain respects other than what it is; but I see in it power more than sufficient to strengthen the hope and expectation of great things from its still youthful composer. The performance, conducted by Mr Cowen in person, was generally good, such shortcomings as appeared being due to the chorus, who seemed fatigued, as well they might be, with the week’s hard work. Mdme Albani sang the music of Ursula with great effect, due as much to her fervour as to her vocal skill; Mdme Patey, as Ineth, an attendant upon the Princess, made her mark in the departure hymn; Mr Lloyd, as Conan, added one more to his successes at this festival, and might have accepted an encore for his delivery of “The river sings;” while Mr King sang the music of Dionotus and the chief of the Huns in a style that commanded much approval. There remains to add that the finale of the Departure scene was re-demanded and repeated, and that, at the close, Mr Cowen was called back to the platform amid loud and general applause.

Mendelssohn’s music to Racine’s *Athalie* followed the cantata, the reciter of the incidental verses being Mr Santley, who made his first public appearance in that character, and obtained a frank success. It would, perhaps, be too much to say—and assuredly if said would be surprising—that the accomplished baritone showed all the art of a finished elocutionist; so much only the unreasonable could expect of one not to the manner trained. But it is true that he declaimed the lines with just ex-ression, and with a fertility of resource that left but little to desire, either of tenderness or passion. In fine, Mr Santley’s debut on this particular stage had a result which made that which once seemed temerity take the form of assured calculation. At the close of the performance the chairman of the committee publicly expressed his gratitude to Mr Santley for successfully discharging a

novel and difficult task. Mendelssohn’s music is so familiar that nothing explanatory need be said about it, though the temptation is strong to enlarge upon its beauty. Resisting the inducement, let me simply record a performance that was on the whole excellent. The solos were in the hands of Mrs Osgood, Miss Mary Davies, and Mdme Mudie Bolingbroke, who, together with the chorus, were heard to special advantage in “Hearts feel that love thee,” the most popular number in the work, and the only one which on this occasion obtained the honour of an encore. Mrs Osgood, in better health and voice than previously, sang up to the standard of her most worthy efforts, and was ably seconded by her talented associates. The work of the orchestra was as usual capably done, both the overture and the well-known March of the Priests being among the instrumental successes of the week.

The number present this morning when the powerful name of Mendelssohn was invoked to counteract the apathy inspired by new music fell below that of the previous evening, the figures being 881 as against 897, and at one time it was feared that the attendance this evening, when Mr Goring Thomas’s *Sun Worshippers* and Mr Walter Macfarren’s overture to *Henry V.* were produced, would be disastrously small. In view of such a result special arrangements were made with Mdme Albani, whose engagement to sing made the tickets marketable, the number disposed of being 1,105. It must be said that this gives very little encouragement to committees who would treat the general public as though they were real amateurs, and is a sufficient answer to others who sometimes urge managers into such a course—that way bankruptcy lies. Happily for the managers here every place is sold for *The Messiah* to-morrow morning, and the old oratorio—the true “slave of the lamp” in the experience of concert-giving Aladdins—will once again atone for shortcomings. I shall take advantage of the comparative leisure afforded by *The Messiah* day to then notice more fully than is now possible the doings at the hall this evening.

#### Saturday.

The bad weather, which held off during the risky period of the festival, came when it could do little harm. On Thursday night wind and rain prevailed, and Friday morning was tempestuous; but the fates of meteorology may wreak their will on a *Messiah* day, with no worse result than discomfort. People will not be kept from Handel’s oratorio, and St Andrew’s Hall was early crammed with the admirers of that unsurpassed and unsurpassable creation of religious art. The same result would probably have followed had the work been announced for repetition to-day. Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite pathos of Handel’s subject or the measureless significance of his grand and beautiful music. Talk of a change having come over English musical taste in the direction of modern extravagances! I shall believe it when the day of novelty takes the place of the *Messiah* day as that of chiefest interest, most crowded attendance, and largest pecuniary profit. The unabated popularity of Handel’s masterpiece is a fact. Let those who object to it try to explain it away. We others are content. All the leading artists engaged here, Mrs Osgood excepted, took part in the performance, Mdme Albani singing the whole of the sopranos solos, save “How beautiful are the feet,” which fell to Miss Mary Davies, while Mdme Pat-y and Mdme Mudie-Bolingbroke divided those for alto; Mr Lloyd and Mr Barton McGuckin those for tenor, and Mr Santley and Mr F. King those for bass. About the character of the performance I need not speak, since it may be assumed with ease and certainty. A good rendering of *The Messiah* in this country is as much a tradition as a crowded audience to hear it; and the rule, let me observe, specially applies to the choruses, in which fact we may find consolation for the sometimes asserted inferiority of our choirs as compared with those of the Continent.

Reverting to the concert of Thursday night, Haydn’s Symphony in E flat (No. 3), with which the programme opened, deserves priority of notice. The performance of this work, or one of its many companions, was due to a master who has not yet followed the dodo into extinction, and who, as the father of symphony, should never

be forgotten. But herein lies more than a question of obligation. Haydn's orchestral pieces can never be heard by amateurs without a recognition at once healthy and pleasurable of first principles. They take us back to the fountain-head of pure music, where it is possible to drink without contamination, and they enable us to breathe fresh air after long dwelling in places made oppressive by artificial odours. The symphony played here well illustrated this by its melodic beauty, fancy, humour, and skill—such skill as enabled Haydn to be perfectly free and natural when most scientific. To be sure there was no tremendous noise, no "mysterious" orchestration, and no mere sequence of highly-coloured harmonies. But there was music in its essential principles. We had the substance without the tinsel which is sometimes supposed to cover it, but, as often as not, is a mere wind-bag. Sam Slick used to suggest the subjection of inflated speeches to the process of "biling down," but nobody, I take it, ever thought of "biling down" a Haydn symphony. The performance, conducted by Mr Randegger, was another orchestral success, each movement being interspersed with the right feeling and an almost faultless attention to detail. Much applause followed. Mr Goring Thomas's Choral Ode, *The Sun Worshipers*, came next after the symphony. It is a setting of a French poem, *Les Adorateurs du Soleil*, by Casimir Delavigne, the English version from the pen of Mr Charles Scott, who may be congratulated on the measure of success which attended his discharge of a task so difficult, that only those who have attempted it should assume to judge it. The poem, though essentially lyrical, is cast in a dramatic mould. It introduces to us a group of sun-worshippers who, headed by a Brahmin, have come out upon the hills to salute the appearance of their radiant deity. The Brahmin (tenor) leads off with an exhortation to his followers, "Du soleil qui renaît bénissez la puissance," and is answered, "Il se lève; il s'avance." Then the people recall the splendour and goodness of the god, "Chaque saison lui doit les attraits qu'elle étale," and a woman sings the blessings showered upon their own country, "Ce doux pays, agréable à ses yeux." The sun now appears, amid renewed cries of "Il se lève; il s'avance," and the whole ends with an ecstatic hymn, celebrating the worship of all Nature at the shrine of the luminary. It appears from this sketch, that the cantata is as short as the uniform nature of the subject demanded. Variety of theme was scarcely possible, since nothing but praise and adoration could have place. The African tribes sometimes abuse their gods, but by no stretch of fancy can we conceive sun-worshippers howling at the resplendent orb as it flashes into sight. The composer of the music is said to have completed his studies in France under the care of his namesake, M. Ambroise Thomas, which explains such features of the work as are distinctly French. Against those features I am not going to say a word, believing, as I do, that the predominance of German influences in the education of our young composers is a misfortune. Our national genius in music cannot be accused of lightness, and an amalgam of British ponderosity with German mysticism is hardly an example of the "natural selection" which produces the best offspring. At any rate, a dash of Gallic *esprit* and Gallic perception of the beautiful for its own sake would do our young composers good. Mr Goring Thomas obviously possesses this, and in his cantata we have sufficient solidity, attended and tempered by an equally sufficient leaven of graceful lightness. Mr Thomas may further be complimented upon a just perception of the relative importance of voices and instruments in works of the class. The term "Choral Ode" is no misnomer, since everywhere the voices are first, while the instruments discharge a secondary duty. This is well, at a time when young composers, tempted by the ease with which an effective orchestral score can be made, are giving to that branch of the craft all their attention, and thrusting vocalism into the background. The tenor solo and chorus introducing the "Sun Worshipers" are full of the bright spirit demanded by the situation. The music is bold and free in structure, modulating with frequency, sometimes into remote keys, and changing its rhythm and style at the bidding of the poetry. But this freedom does not convey an idea of licentiousness. Its purport is, for the

most part, clear, and its propriety, seeing that genuine musical interest is conserved, unquestionable. Equally successful is the chorus, "On every season" ("Chaque saison lui doit les attraits"). But fanciful, melodious, and elegant though this be, the palm belongs to its successor, a soprano solo with chorus of female voices, "Fairest of lands" ("Ce doux pays"). Here, in point of beauty, is the gem of the work, and it was warmly encored on Thursday night. A bold solo and chorus, "He hath risen," next carries on the interest, while the *finale*, "Again, we hail him victorious," for tenor, solo, and chorus, if not the most satisfactory number, deserves a share of the approval that must be given to the cantata as a whole. Mr Thomas should be encouraged to persevere. He has a charming fancy and an elegant pen, and both are needed in the higher walks of musical art. The performance, conducted by Mr Randegger, probably satisfied the composer. Not much fault could be found with the *ensemble*; and still less with the soloists, Mrs Osgood and Mr Barton McGuckin, who sang right well, the lady especially being in full possession of her means, and displaying her excellent voice to great effect in the solo already mentioned as having been encored. Mr Thomas was, of course, called to the platform, and congratulated upon his success.

At this concert Mr Walter Macfarren's overture to *Henry V.* also made its *début*. Constructed upon classical lines, and alternating in style between the martial, as representative of the King, and the tender, as illustrative, perhaps, of the Princess whom "English Harry" so charmingly wooed, this work is one of decided interest. The second subject, above all, pleases the ear, and receives from Mr Macfarren very sympathetic and delightful treatment. As conducted by its composer, and played with spirit, the work met with a good deal of applause. The balance of the programme, having been made up of selections, calls for no extended remark. Suffice it to record the success of Mme Albani in the two pieces I named yesterday; the enthusiastic welcome accorded to Mme Patey and her song, "The Old Harpsichord;" the finished delivery by Miss Mary Davies of a ballad bearing the name of Max Silny; and the thoroughly artistic vocalization of Mr Lloyd in Gounod's "Lend me thine aid."

Last evening, despite tempestuous weather, a miscellaneous programme attracted a crowd to the Hall. Mr J. F. Barnett's new symphonic poem, *The Harvest Festival*, occupied the post of honour, and was the only item about which it is necessary to speak. Mr Barnett has lately developed a taste for the grandiloquent nomenclature under which representative composers of the "advanced" school try to hide their poverty. Some little time ago he produced a work styled "Tone Picture," and now he calls his *Harvest Festival* a "symphonic poem." Our "advanced" friends—an army of incompetents, headed by two or three really good generals—would probably welcome Mr Barnett into their meagre and ineffectual ranks, but the English composer is satisfied to steal their thunder. In the present case that process has decidedly funny results. Imagine a symphonic poem by Liszt, with all its theatrical pomp and Dutch metal glitter, coming across the little series of unpretending, melodious movements to which Mr Barnett has applied its generic name! Cannot we fancy the immeasurable scorn of the bedizened monster at the sight of so much impertinence? However, Mr Barnett has a right to style his productions as he pleases, and, being a man of cheerful temperament and industrious habits, he will probably go on writing "tone pictures" and "symphonic poems" regardless of remonstrance from the quarter where those epithets were invented. The piece under notice is quite idyllic, and as we learn a good deal about the ancient world from its surviving works of art, it will, if disinterred ages hence, convey a very poetical idea respecting the social customs of our time. Taking as his text a poem by Miss Mary Mark Lemon, Mr Barnett first shows us "gleaners in the cornfield," and very light and airy gleaners the music seems to depict—people not quite as true to nature as the weary-backed peasants of Millet. Next we are asked to behold reapers entering the village church, whence they presently emerge to pair off with the gleaners for a dance. Lastly, we have the festivities of a "harvest-home," the whole ending with a religious exercise in the shape of a thanksgiving hymn. This is unquestionably



the poetry of rustic life, and Mr Barnett, with his usual passion for effect, has piled the sentiment high. Beethoven, who in his Pastoral Symphony shows us drunken boors dancing to the music of a drunken piper, would probably have treated the theme in a more realistic style. But Mr Barnett has never yet been accused of emulating the chiefs of his art, and here he takes his own course. He is throughout serenely serious, even his dancing reapers and gleaners capering with the delicate grace of true Arcadians. Why not? One of the arguments for the existence of another world rests upon its necessity as a place for redressing the grievances of this, and an artist who suggests an ideal life as a set-off against the real adds to the sum of human happiness. The first movement, "Gleaners in the cornfield," opens with a few bars of *moderato* in G minor, leading to an *allegretto vivace* in G major. In this case a light and tripping chief subject is contrasted with a second theme of a more sedate character, while both are treated with the ease and grace characteristic of Mr Barnett's style. The second movement, an *andante* in E flat, introduces, after some preliminary matter, an extended theme for strings, representing the song of the reapers as they wend their way to church. This is presently followed by the *moderato* already referred to, which precedes and also follows a passage for organ. The first melody then recurs, and is finally lost in the organ solo. An *allegretto pastorale* in G major, representing the "Dance of Nymphs and Reapers," exerts a distinct charm, due to appropriate melody and not less fitting orchestration. It will always be heard with pleasure. The first portion of the *finale* introduces a spirit of greater energy into the work, and leads in merry, bustling fashion to an *ad libitum* chorus, "Faithful is our God," the massive character of which supplies at once an effective contrast and a good ending. I am not going to call Mr Barnett's "Symphonic Poem" a great work. It is not that even in intention, but rather a series of sketches as simple and unpretending as the life they illustrate. The music is tuneful, pleasing, and will often be heard, not only in the orchestra, but, given a good arrangement, *à quatre mains*, also in the home.

I shall dismiss the Norwich Festival with the reflection that it has revealed in Mr Randegger a conductor of the highest class; that it has apparently marked a turning-point in the fortunes of the institution; and that, as the estimated profit of £500 is due almost entirely to the large attendance at *St Paul*, *The Messiah*, and the final miscellaneous concert, managers cannot be too careful how they receive advice urging them to disregard public taste. As business men, they will, however, be sure to scorn the suggestion that paying their way is "the last and lowest reason" for taking steps to secure the necessary money, and as art-caterers they can hardly fail to observe how emphatically the public approve the great works of illustrious masters. There only remains to add that on Friday morning the committee passed, and, through Lord Suffield, presented to Mr Randegger the following resolution: "That the especial thanks of this committee be awarded to the conductor (Mr Alberto Randegger) for his great and untiring exertions in promoting the best interests of the festival, and this committee sincerely hopes that Mr Randegger may be enabled to occupy the position of conductor at the next festival, and that he will compose some work for the occasion."

KAPILINO.—Franz Hilmar, composer of the first Czeckish Polka, the well-known "Esmeralda," died here on the 1st inst. The Polka is so named from the half-step forming part of it ("Polka" or "Polka" "half." It has long been a popular dance in Bohemia, but Hilmar was the first to set and make it known generally. In addition to the "Esmeralda," the deceased composed above 300 pieces of dance-music and several masses. (The so-called "Original Polka" was first published in England under the name of Julien.)

BRUSSELS.—Mlle Hamakers has returned to the Théâtre de la Monnaie. M. Reyer's *Statue*, a quasi novelty, is in rehearsal. It will be followed by M. Massenet's *Herodiade*, for the first performance of which places are already in great demand. This will be put on the stage with great splendour. Five new scenes and innumerable sumptuous costumes are in hand. After *Herodiade* will come probably A. Boito's *Menefee*.

## MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Sept. 28.

The *saison d'été* is over at the theatre, but not the *saison des bains*. The lodging-house keepers continue to exhibit in conspicuous places their advertisements, which resemble much the old nursery rhyme, "Will you walk into my parlour, says the spider to the fly." But *revenons à nos moutons*. Since last I wrote we have had representations of Halévy's *Charles VI.*, *La Mascotte*, *La Juive*, and *Le Trouvère*, the latter to introduce a "fort tenor," M. Valet, to the Boulonnais. The winter season of the drama and opera comique commences, with a new *troupe*, on Thursday, and the Etablissement Concerts go on daily from 4 to 5. The Children's Balls are great fun at the end of the season. The way in which the youngsters hop about and come "croppers," as a Rugby boy at my side observed,\* is quite refreshing.

Oct. 12.

The season is over, although we have our winter *troupe* of artists at the Theatre to divert our thoughts from the rain and bad weather. They began with *Les Cloches de Corneville*, followed by a grand drama in ten acts, entitled *Les Chevaliers du Brouillard*—*La Mascotte*, *Le petit Duc*, and *La petite Mariée* being the next in order. But the "interpreters" engaged by M. Champagne might be improved upon! *The continuation des débuts* is not yet finished, so I will not mention names till the verdict of the public confirms or refuses the several artists to be engaged for the winter season. A large audience crowded the Salle Monsigny last night to witness the performance of a starring company. Mlle Devoyod, of la Comédie Française, Mlles Réal and d'Alfort, of the Gymnase Drosse (Odéon), MM. Marck (Odéon), Prika (Odéon), and several other artists from the capital. The piece was *Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie*, a new comedy by Pailleron; of course it was well received. The concerts at the Etablissement finish on the 15th, and then the *saison* will really be over, as the local journal of that name will be a thing of the past, to be resuscitated in June, 1882.

X. T. R.

BRUSSELS (correspondence).—I don't think those who remember the late Jules de Glimes in London, and esteemed him at his worth, will care greatly for the subjoined in *memoriam*, copied by the *Guide Musical* from Fétis's altogether shabby account of him:

"Jean Baptiste Jules De Glimes, composer, professor of singing, and formerly a member of the staff at the Conservatory, who was born in Brussels on the 24th January 1814, died here on the 4th inst. His melodies, says Bertram (*Office de Publicité*), known and appreciated abroad, produced in England no inconsiderable income for their author who published and sold them without any middle man. Having a great many pupils in London among the highest aristocracy, where his name and manners, which were those of a thorough gentleman, quite as much as his lessons, procured him admittance, he was all the fashion, and it was the proper thing to have his compositions on the piano. In the English capital he was called Count de Glimes, and the title was not prejudicial to his success. But his melodies did not require such a passport; they possess a character of distinction, the accompaniments are not commonplace, and originality is not wanting. Great artists have sung them publicly in London, Brussels, and Paris. Géraldy entertained a high opinion of them. The deceased was long the very pink of elegance. For some years, however, he cared more for comfort, like a philosopher who has ceased to trouble himself about a great many things."

The *Guide Musical* might surely have found something better to say about such a man on its own proper account. C. L. M.

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The symphonies at Mr Gwyllym Croft's last two "classical nights" were Haydn's "Surprise" and Spohr's "Die Weihe der Töne" ("The Consecration of Sound"); and the overtures, Mozart's *Zauberflöte* and *Clemenza di Tito*, and Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas*. The concertos were Mozart's in D (No. 18) and Beethoven's in E flat, the pianists being Miss Bessie Richards and Mr Rickard. The singers were Mlle Ely Warnote and Mr Frank Boyl, Miss Henrietta Beebe and Mr Barrington Foote. On each occasion the audience was both large and appreciative.

\* Sharp Rugby & Co., this — Dr Blinge.

## THE HILLER FESTIVAL IN FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.

Frankfort, 7th Oct., 1881.

The first Subscription Concert of the Museum Society took the shape of a Festival as pleasing as unusual. The Nestor of our modern composers, who reaches back to the classical period of German music, celebrated the day of his diamond wedding with art. Sixty years had passed away since a boy of ten made his first public appearance, modestly and bashfully, in his native town of Frankfort, as a virtuoso on the piano. The father of this industrious and talented boy gave him permission, as a birthday present, to do so, and a friend of the family, a Dutch musician named de Groot, who used to play every year in the old Imperial town, had organized an evening concert in the large room of the Noten-Haus. The little phenomenon was allowed to take advantage of the occasion to make his first bow before a general audience. But the event was not announced or cried up with a flourish of trumpets; from educational considerations, it passed off very quietly and almost secretly. In vain do we seek in the *Frankfurter Journal* and the *Journal de Frankfort*, the local papers of the day, for an announcement or account of this remarkable event in art. We meet with all sorts of notices about celebrities who have long since died away and been forgotten, but concerning the *début* of the Boy of whom so much was afterwards said, and who was eulogized by Goethe and Beethoven, we discover nothing—the father was evidently not desirous that the Boy's fame should be at once everywhere bruited about. In the musical paper *Iris* alone was there a notice of the young prodigy, but without any mention of his name. This state of things did not last long ere the veil was lifted. The young artist's name became better and better known; the boy prodigy realized fully all the hopes raised by his first performance. Ferdinand von Hiller looks back to-day on a long, glorious, and illustrious life. He has won for himself a place among the first German composers, pianists, and writers of our age. He has written a large number of admirable works, he has laboured unceasingly, in literature and music, for the propagation of good German art, of genuine, sound taste, and has been one of the first to preach, exemplify, and establish firmly among foreigners the fame and importance of our national music. This the German people must not and cannot forget, and consequently to-day's jubilee, unique, probably, of its kind, afforded an admirable opportunity for manifesting the respect and gratitude entertained for the veteran composer. Frankfort did not celebrate merely the memorial anniversary of one of her sons, but, in a large acceptance of the term, held a thanksgiving day for one of the most able and gifted representatives of German culture and German art. The commemoration concert derived an especial charm from the fact that, after the lapse of sixty years, Hiller played the same Pianoforte Concerto, (that in C minor) of Mozart's which he played as a boy of ten; nay, he played from the same music which then lay open before him, and on the title page of which the concert-giver on that occasion wrote, in somewhat dubious German, his testimony to the admirable manner in which the young pianist had performed his task. To-day, we no longer require anyone's testimony. Everybody knows how Hiller plays, and that more especially he possesses the secret of rendering comprehensible to others the wonderful charm and beauty of Mozart's art. In this, years have caused no change. With the freshness of youth, the delight taken in the Beautiful by mature manhood, and the clearness of age, he executed the magnificent Concerto which introduced him to the world and which has ever since remained for him a model of genuine art. The remaining pieces in the programme were naturally all by the hero of the day and all conducted by him with marvellous youthfulness. Orchestra, chorus (the ladies of the St Cecilia Association, for a time under Hiller's direction), and soloists vied with each other in doing their best to please the honoured veteran. The orchestra exhibited its usual excellence in its rendering of two spirited overtures (second Concert Overture, Op. 101, in A major, and Overture to Schiller's *Demetrius*, Op. 145) and of the graceful orchestral piece, "Auf der Wacht" (from the *Soldatenleben*, Op. 146) which was loudly applauded. The "Gesang Heloisens und der Nonnen am Grabe Abälards" ("Song of Heloise and the Nuns at Abélard's Grave"), for contralto, female chorus, and orchestra, Op. 82—a setting of a Latin mediæval hymn, replete with feeling and indisputably one of Hiller's most

profound and most beautiful creations—afforded the chorus and Mdlle Fides Keller (contralto), who has settled in Frankfort, an opportunity for a fine performance, while in the expressive "Palmsonntag," for soprano, female chorus, and orchestra, Op. 102, Mdlle Füllinger and the ladies of the St Cecilia Association were heard to advantage. The fair soloists then sang with much good taste some of Hiller's duets. Herr Heermann, the *Concertmeister*, played with great feeling and sense of the Beautiful an Adagio for the violin, accompanied in masterly style by the composer, while the florid "Variations for two Pianos on Weber's 'Lützow's Jagd'" were even more welcome than usual when rendered with such oneness and perfection as they were by Mdlle Clara Schumann and the hero of the day. Thus the concert went off most satisfactorily, Hiller being enthusiastically recalled at the conclusion. There was afterwards a pleasant gathering in the Saalbau. To-morrow (Saturday) there will be a Hiller Celebration at Koch's Conservatory, with all the stillness and mystery peculiar to that institution and its director. Let us hope that Hiller, who a short time since gave in "Nord und Sud" so interesting a description of bye-gone Frankfort artists, will one day favour us with an account of his own first appearance and professional career.—*Kölnische Zeitung*.

## TO E. ALINE OSGOOD,

On leaving England for a year's tour in America,  
October 22nd, 1881.

Farewell, sweet singer, fare you ever well;  
So long we've loved you that you seemed our own,  
Yet, ere the swallows have all southward flown,  
You seek your native West, where you may tell  
How England sorrows for the coming year,  
When your voice only it shall fail to hear.

Your Western forests shall be glad with song,  
And all your cities shall see lovelier days;  
While we are wailing that the spring delays,  
And even flowerful summer stays too long;  
For what are all the beauties that are rife  
Without your song to give them sweeter life?

As ocean spray that leaps to kiss the air  
Your notes are pure, while they are deeply sweet  
As is the scent of the tube-rose, replete  
With subtle loveliness beyond compare;  
Yet these must fall as silent as the snow,  
While we strain ears to hear, and hearts to know.

Dear singer, though you leave us for a while,  
We'll strive to make our waiting seem less long,  
Remembering the rapture of your song;  
Remembering the beauty of your smile;  
Our debt of gratitude shall have no end,  
For, more than singer, we all claim you friend.

When gentle laughter sat upon our hearts,  
And scattered feathers on life's stony way;  
When shadows shut the light out of our day,  
Or sorrow hurt us with its keenest smart;  
Felt we the sweets or bitter fates might give—  
You sang—and then it seemed more sweet to live.

May all the winds that o'er the ocean sweep,  
Bearing you over to the Western main,  
Be kind to us, and bring you back again,  
As tenderly as dreams would in a sleep!  
So, friend, Godspeed—there sounds the starting bell—  
Our hearts go with you, though we say, Farewell.

MALCOLM CHARLES SALAMAN.

STOCKHOLM.—The opera selected for the gala performance in honour of the marriage of the Crown Prince with the Princess Victoria of Baden was Gounod's *Faust*. Mad. Christine Nilsson, who had come expressly from London to sing the part of Marguerite, was overwhelmed with applause and bouquets. In consequence of a fire in the building where the dresses and scenery were kept, it has since been necessary to close the Theatre Royal and postpone the projected performances of Mad. Galli-Marié.

## ST JAMES'S HALL.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1881-82.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE 21 EVENING CONCERTS will take place as follow:—

Monday, October 31, 1881; Monday, November 7; Monday, November 14; Monday, November 21; Monday, November 28; Monday, December 5; Monday, December 12; Monday, January 2, 1882; Monday, January 9; Monday, January 16; Monday, January 23; Monday, January 30; Monday, February 6; Monday, February 13; Monday, February 20; Monday, February 27; Monday, March 6; Monday, March 13; Monday, March 20; Monday, March 27, and Monday, April 3.

Subscription Tickets will be issued for the whole Series of 21 Monday Evening Concerts, extending from Monday, Oct. 31, to April 3; price 45 5s. for each Sofa Stall.

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Twenty MORNING PERFORMANCES will be given as follow:—

Saturday, November 5, 1881; Saturday, November 12; Saturday, November 19; Saturday, November 26; Saturday, December 3; Saturday, December 10; Saturday, December 17; Saturday, January 7, 1882; Saturday, January 14; Saturday, January 21; Saturday, January 28; Saturday, February 4; Saturday, February 11; Saturday, February 18; Saturday, February 25; Saturday, March 4; Saturday, March 11; Saturday, March 18; Saturday, March 25; and Saturday, April 1.

Subscription Tickets are issued for the 20 Morning Concerts, extending from Saturday Afternoon, November 5, to April 1; price 45 for each Sofa Stall.

## FIRST EVENING CONCERT,

MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 31, 1881,

At Eight o'clock precisely.

## Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in A minor, Op. 51, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello, first time (Brahms)—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; Serenade, "Awake, awake" (Piatti)—Mr Edward Lloyd; Sonata Appassionata, in F minor, Op. 57, for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—Mdlle Janotha.  
PART II.—Three Pieces, Op. 11, for pianoforte and violoncello (Rubinstein)—Mdlle Janotha and Signor Piatti; Song, "Regret" (Schubert)—Mr Edward Lloyd—violinello *obligato*, Signor Piatti; Quartet, in D minor, Op. 42, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti.

## FIRST AFTERNOON CONCERT,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881,

At Three o'clock precisely.

## Programme.

Quintet, in C major, No. 5, for two violins, viola, and two violoncellos (Schubert)—MM. Straus, L. Ries, Zerbini, Pezze, and Piatti; Cantique, "Le nom de Marie" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Barcarolle, in F sharp major, Op. 40, for Pianoforte alone (Chopin)—Mdlle Janotha; Sonata, in D major, for violin, first time (Vivaldi)—Herr Straus; Song, "The Erl King" (Schubert)—Mr Santley; Sonata, in D major, Op. 18, for pianoforte and violoncello (Rubinstein)—Mdlle Janotha and Signor Piatti.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A WORSHIPPER OF SCHUBERT.—Too late for this number, but shall appear next week, with some remarks upon Herr Pohl's reply to Mr Grove, and Mr Grove's reply to Herr Pohl—which seems to carry great weight in arguments deduced from presumptive evidence. Space will be open in these columns for anything connected with this interesting topic.

HIFF.—Hiff no more why so much?—(Fielding.)

H. G. (Brighton).—Too late for this number. Why do you write on both sides of the paper?

W. C. M.—Too late for this week. Thanks.

AFTER a most successful visit to Bristol, Mr Carl Rosa's admirable company has been performing during the week just expired at Birmingham, where they have always been received with enthusiasm.

MME ADELINA PATTI was to sail this day from Liverpool to New York. What may be her absolute arrangements is only known to the lady herself and her confidential advisers.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1881.

## THE MISSING SYMPHONY BY SCHUBERT.

THE pertinent letter from Mr Grove printed in the last number of the *Musical World*, has naturally not been allowed to remain without notice. Mr Pohl, the well known Librarian of the Vienna Society to which allusion has been made, very unnecessarily construing Mr Grove's wish to discover the missing treasure into a censure on his predecessors and himself, has replied in a communication to the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, which appears in an English garb in the *Times* of Monday last. It is a letter demanding respectful and sympathetic attention; but we cannot but feel that it does not add one fact or one step to the solution of the question at issue. Not so the second letter of Mr Grove, which was published in the *Times* of Wednesday, and supplies a new, curious, and very important piece of evidence to the controversy. Conspicuous among Schubert's friends at the date in question were Moritz Schwind, the painter, and Bauernfeld, the poet, both of whom, if we mistake not, are still alive. Both these gentlemen, as Mr Grove's quotations show, knew of the Symphony. Schwind inquires for it with glowing anticipations, and Bauernfeld supplies a piece of information which is apparently quite new, unknown to any of the numerous recent biographers of Schubert—that the Symphony was written at Gastein in 1825, that Schubert had a particular affection for it, and that at the date of Bauernfeld's sketch, seven months after Schubert's death, the two Symphonies—that of Gastein, 1825, and that of Vienna, 1828—were still known as distinct entities. In June, 1829, at least, the Gastein Symphony was a real existence. The more we think of these additional ingredients to the controversy, the more important do they grow, and the more essential does it seem that they should be thoroughly investigated. A symphony by Schubert, of the year 1825, is too great a treasure to be hid without all possible search. But, in the meantime, what we recommend is that every means should be taken, not only to test the worth of the testimony of Bauernfeld and Schwind, but to discover more evidence either *pro* or *con*. Thus, perhaps, all concerned cheerfully co-operating, we shall, before long, get more surely on the track of the noble quarry, the scent of which is beginning to grow encouragingly warm. Only let all the hounds hunt well and loyally together, and on no pretext attempt

To pinch their brothers in the crowd,

Or do their little best to bite.

With these few remarks we leave our readers to the perusal of the two letters alluded to.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—Mr Grove, the highly esteemed editor of the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," expresses the opinion that the well-known great Symphony in C by Schubert, dated March, 1828, supposed till now to be that which he dedicated to the *Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde* in Vienna in 1826, is not the right one, the proper one having disappeared and being in some nook or corner of the society's collection or elsewhere. In spite of the ingenuity of Mr Grove's calculations and the facts on which he bases them, I am quite convinced that the symphony in question is identical with the above. The possible combinations are many. Is it not possible that Schubert took back his work for correction (and the corrections are many) and that he did not date it till afterwards? Dates, also, are not always trustworthy. Mozart, for instance, put down on the score of his *Requiem* the year 1792; certainly every one would now pretend that he was



then still living! Schubert's great symphony has been, in fact, among our archives since 1828, according to its number (XIII., 8024), and if Schuman saw the score at Ferdinand Schubert's it must have been either a copy or the autograph lent for copying. The reasons why I cannot believe in the existence of the suspected symphony are these:—First, it would have been inscribed in the catalogues by Baron von Knorr, then the head of the *Gesellschaft*, and well known to be a most scrupulous man; secondly, Schubert would have mentioned his work to one or other of his friends. But neither Sonnleithner, the sisters Fröhlich, Baron Schönstein, the poet Bauernfeld, nor even Schubert's brother Ferdinand, ever heard anything about it. Particularly concerning Herr Dr. Leopold von Sonnleithner, a witness to the incident at the session in 1826, it would be strange enough to think that this man, who did such meritorious work on Schubert, should never have remembered the existence of the work in the long course of 49 years (he died in 1873). Mr Grove, in his certainly most estimable zeal, has overlooked that, in giving expression to his belief that the score is lying in a 'nook or corner' of our collection, he has raised a very heavy accusation against the direction, against Dr Sonnleithner, and all who have ever been employed in the archives; and the more so as the collection, on removing to the new edifice in 1870, was reviewed piece by piece, and even used in its new order by Mr Grove himself. A well-regulated collection has no "nook or corner" for keeping valuable autographs. It is, indeed, most painful to me to oppose my dear and honourable friend, but in the point of honour every one must consider himself first.

C. F. POHL, Librarian to the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Vienna.

(To the Editor of the "Times.")

SIR,—I am glad to have the opportunity of removing a misconception on Mr Pohl's part, which much distresses me. That gentleman, to whom I am bound by innumerable acts of kindness and patience, extending over many years, and securing my deep gratitude, writes under the impression that I pronounce the missing symphony to be in the library of the Musical Society of Vienna, and have therefore accused him, as librarian, of negligence. This is a harsh interpretation of the only sentence in my letter which can have given ground for it—"The manuscript can hardly have been destroyed, and if it fortunately exists in some nook or corner of the society's collection, or elsewhere, its recovery will be a matter of extraordinary interest"—a very different expression from that which the editor of the *Neue Freie Presse* (doubtless with the best intentions) substituted for it—"Mr Grove has thus arrived at the conclusion that this symphony is probably to be found in some corner of the collection of the Musik-Verein, or elsewhere"—and which seems to have influenced Mr Pohl in his letter. I had no intention of accusing any one, least of all my kind friend, whose accuracy and devotion to music are proved by his "Life of Haydn," his "Mozart and Haydn in London," and his biographies of those two masters in the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." My object was to deduce the existence of the symphony from the evidence afforded by the minutes of the society and Schubert's own reply.

And this I still think I have done. Mr Pohl's chief arguments against its existence are:—(1) That it would have been entered in the catalogue. This is, at least, balanced by the statement in his own book (p. 15) that Schubert sent it in between October 9 and 12, 1826, accompanied by the letter which he gives and which is quoted in my last. (2) That Schubert would have mentioned the work to one or other of his friends. But I submit that he did so mention it. In the summer of 1825 he made a tour in Upper Austria as far as Gastein, and in writing to him from Vienna on August 14, Schwind, the painter, one of his friends, says, evidently in allusion to some observation of Schubert's own, "How I long for our first meeting! We entertain great hopes of your symphony." (Kreissle, p. 358.) And that this is the very symphony in question is rendered still more probable by the fact that Bauernfeld, another of Schubert's intimates, in a sketch of Schubert's life in the Vienna *Zeitschrift für Kunst*, &c., for June 9-12, 1829, seven months only after the composer's death, writes as follows:—"Among the larger works of his later years belongs a symphony written in 1825, at Gastein, for which he had a peculiar affection;" and in the catalogue of works unpublished at Schubert's death, appended to the same sketch, we find, "1825, Grand Symphony." "1828, Last Symphony." Further, Kreissle, Schubert's biographer (p. 549, note) says that Ferdinand Schubert placed one of his brother's symphonies in the year 1826, though I have not yet discovered this statement in those of Ferdinand's own writings which I possess.

This, I submit, is conclusive as to the symphony having been known at the time. I could mention several minor arguments, but will not try the patience of your readers. What I have adduced seems to point clearly to the fact that there were two distinct symphonies—one written at Gastein in 1825, and dedicated to the Society in October, 1826; another written in March, 1828. The latter is the well-known one now in the Society's archives. Where is the former?—Your obedient servant,

G. GROVE.

Lower Sydenham, S.E., Oct. 17.

#### HENRY IRVING IN DUBLIN.

The Lyceum tour continues its triumph. Dublin during the last fortnight has been stirred to unwonted excitement. The first week of Mr. Irving's engagement synchronised with the meeting of the School Science Congress; but, notwithstanding the fact, the houses were immense and the enthusiasm was unbounded. During the week an amount of money was taken unequalled in the annals of histrionic Dublin. Dublin is a social place, but the courtesy and hospitality extended to Mr. Irving and his company by Dublin society have been very marked. The entertainment most characteristic of Dublin life was provided by the Cavendish Club in Stephen's Green, which is now *par excellence* representative of Irish Society—metropolitan and provincial. On Saturday evening a supper was here given in honour of Mr. Irving's visit. At it assembled the whole array of Dublin talent. During the evening the following poetic greeting, written specially by Mr. Robert Morton, was recited by the author. As the Cavendish is, amongst its other functions, the home of whist in Ireland, the points have special significance:—

"The Cavendish, I think, it should be proud  
That here, to night, to welcome it's allowed  
A guest whom it is needless quite to praise,  
He scores a treble every time he plays.  
Need I point out in this æsthetic age,  
'The play's the thing,' both here and on the stage.  
Our guest has proved, the fact must many strike,  
That whist and acting are so much alike.  
As Claude Melnotte, how ably he displayed  
The way a long and winning suit is played.  
While over here, a favour we would crave,  
That, as Iago, he would play the knave.  
As Richelieu, to your memories I'd bring,  
How once he was the leader of the King.  
In short, his claims on whist might be discounted,  
Except for this—his honours can't be counted.  
For certain as that man is fond of sinning,  
He's got the odd trick—yes, of always winning.  
The rules of whist so noble is the game,  
All the world through they always are the same.  
See how in Ireland, sad 'tis to be said,  
The dread results when knaves are wrongly led,  
Praps, sir, in England you will say you knew  
That over here there are a loyal few:  
England's our partner, and within these walls  
We're always loyal when our partner calls;  
And so we greet you, sir, though by your arts  
You're spoiled our whist by stealing all our hearts.  
Come fill your glasses, young and ancient stagers,  
Drink it in quarts, and let those quarts be Majors.  
Here's to the man—be the applause a thumper—  
Who all by play has nobly won this bumper."

On Monday last a similar gathering assembled, at which his Serene Highness Prince Teck attended, and to which Mr. Irving also was invited. The triumph of the week comes to an end on this (Saturday) evening, with what is called "College Night," given in compliment to Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. This is a repetition of what occurred at the old Theatre Royal in 1877, when Mr. Irving received an address in the dining hall of Trinity College, and the whole *posse* of the University—dons, students, and all—went in a body to the Theatre in the evening. The repetition of the compliment thus for the second time paid is a remarkable event in the dramatic history of our time. Miss Terry has won fresh laurels in Dublin during the present visit, and has been nightly received with immense fervour and enthusiasm.

## CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS.

Without fuss and apparently without more than ordinary preparation, the Palace concerts were resumed on Saturday the 15th of October. The simple announcement that the famous band of eighty performers would commence again to discourse their eloquent music was deemed amply sufficient, even amidst the advertising roar of the present day, to call together subscribers and visitors from far and near. On entering the concert-room shortly before the appointed time doubts were suggested, by the row upon row of empty chairs, as to the constancy of the public, but fears were soon dispelled, for seats were occupied, and the vast area filled as if by magic, and the musicians were not long engaged in their attractive duties before the side galleries and even the wide floor had assumed their old look of comfortable repletion. Some few changes are observable in the habits and ways of the audience; one particular change happily betokens deeper insight, fuller appreciation, and more respectful deference for the great masters. Formerly it was the custom with some ladies to carry "their work" and ply long needles to the rhythms of the "Ninth Symphony." Now, however, something like due courtesy is paid to the ambassadors of the muse; stocking weaving and slipper stitching are reserved to supply accompaniments to proxy gossip. Other signs of the education, and consequently deeper enjoyment, of the audience are not wanting, thereby showing that familiarity with good music does really exercise a refining influence. In truth the Crystal Palace orchestra is an organization capable of combining entertainment with edification. Composed of some of the best instrumentalists in the country, players who have won distinction amongst their fellows, men reliable on every emergency and capable of satisfying every demand, it not only presents the appearance of a perfected musical machine, but also of an artistic organization, in which individuality is not crushed, but utilised in supplying a motive power outside the limits of drill. The time will come, and that soon, when such men will receive the full honour due to their merits. It must not be understood that the public on Saturday last were oblivious of their claims to recognition, indeed it might be said they expressed their appreciation by applauding their chief. The appearance of Mr Manns on the orchestra was the signal for enthusiastic and prolonged applause. Can any one question his right to the demonstration? Scarcely. The conductor needed only to point to his men behind him, the troupe of artists, in a certain sense trained by him; and if that was not enough, he might with propriety, on looking at the crowd before him, have claimed the merit of having had something to do with the education that enabled them to enjoy classical music. The audience seemed thoroughly glad at having the opportunity of renewing their intercourse with Mr Manns and the able musicians represented by him. Each possessor of a "book of words" was also pleased again to benefit by information contained therein, and to welcome the fact that Mr George Grove still employed his good taste, sound knowledge and eloquent pen to charm and instruct readers. Much very much, of Mr Grove's beneficent work on the Saturday Concert scheme has been done out of public sight. Well, all good work, in nature, society, and art, has its hidden forces.

The first item in Saturday's programme was the overture to *Der Freischütz*, which again pressed its claim upon auditors by right of sterling qualities. Indeed, a composition of such variety, with witch-like power that holds the ear spell-bound, with glowing themes that make the sense tingle with their impetuosity, such a work certainly will not readily give place to any sensational or romantic newcomer. The points calling for special remark on the performance are the capital playing of the first-horn passages, and the spontaneity that characterized the *ensemble*. It seemed, however, but a show of strength—as an athlete lifts the weight before throwing it—for soon the players fixed themselves to play in right good earnest, and they needed all their skill and strength, for the C minor symphony was the task allotted them. At such a moment one is apt to wonder whether the player feels keener delight than the listener—do the musical-life currents leave him more fully charged with their mystic essence? Beethoven's music always brings to the mind an unusual

sense of the presence of life. Some way or other it establishes at once a communication with the heart-currents; the C minor symphony especially seems throbbing and bursting with this mysterious agency. The opening theme, a very few notes, is invested with a potential energy that phrases afterwards used of a kindred nature neither disturb nor weaken. It is like a bolt forged by the Jove of the orchestra, stern and irresistible as fate. It holds its place in the memory with a tenacity that few subjects in the realm of sound possess. To hear it but once is sufficient for an indelible impression; to hear it a thousand times is insufficient for that impression to be worn or dulled. It is, indeed, heard again and again in the working-out of the subjects in the middle part of the movement, when the dynamic energy of the theme manifests itself. Science tells, that when material bodies, whether in masses or molecules, clash together by the force of gravity or chemical affinity, heat and flame are generated by the action. So, likewise, when the themes are heard meeting and recoiling, clashing and repelling, something analogous to heat is felt, the effect of the commotion upon the mind or feelings of the auditor. It should be remarked that this effect is not dependent upon any technical knowledge of the sonata form. Sympathy alone is needed and demanded. Without it, the wise are sent empty away; with it, the simple are bountifully enriched. Beethoven knew this, and at all times directed his forces straight to the emotions. He knew the secret how to sway them according to his will; how to calm, as well as how to excite. Witness the *andante*—how firm and sustaining is the phrase offered for repose after previous strife! Now it sinks so low and becomes so frail as to give a sense of collapse, but anon it rises and marches—not, however, without alternation and disturbance—with a triumph that seems to carry away the soul to other spheres. From such ecstasies the listener is, in the third movement, brought back to earth, amongst apparently strange, uncouth, yet mirchful natures, that, in the trio, get into quite a frenzied state. But soon they are restrained and hushed to make way for the entrance of the leading theme of the *finale*—a theme that, in the course of the movement, is heard time after time to reach, as it were, the very summits of rapturous joy.

The novelty of the concert was a group of *Airs de Ballet* from Gounod's new opera, *Le Tribut de Zamora*. Everything fresh from the pen of the popular Frenchman meets not only with eager curiosity, but finds ready appreciation. There is always to be found in Gounod's music, so to speak, a certain perfume. Of this there can be no question. But, on the other hand, there is a division in opinion as to whether the said perfume resembles the scents of garden flowers more than the odours of the chemist's laboratory; whether it bears the health-giving fragrance of nature, or the enervating fumes of the boudoir. Into this matter there is at present no need to venture. It is certain that the peculiar fascinations, characteristic of music by the composer of *Faust*, are not absent in the *Airs de Ballet*. Perhaps dance tunes without dancers are not fully represented, still Mr Manns' orchestra did every justice to the strains. There are five numbers, (1) the *Barcarolle*, (2) *Danse Grecque, pas des Guirlandes*, (3) *Danse Espagnole*, (4) *Danse des Pointes*, (5) *Danse Italienne*. The "Adagio" of the *Danse Grecque* has a voluptuous grace that distinguishes it from its fellows, and the pendant "Moderato" has a piquant theme for "violons," that calls forth a still more exciting one from the "cellos." The *Danse Espagnole* does not rely upon the rattle of castanets for local colour; the phrases themselves call up the coquettish fan, eclipsing lustrous eyes. The fiddle-bow playing staccato did what it could in No. 4 to represent the dotting of toes cruelly supporting a fully proportioned beauty. Perhaps the music of the *Danse Italienne* was the least understood, for to English ears it resembled more a jig than the stately strains one hears from an Italian opera band when the sylph-like form bounds on the stage. The group of *airs* did not receive at its conclusion any considerable applause. Although it is cheering to find that M. Gounod writes music that will not necessitate the conductor to leave his seat during the performance of an opera, yet there is some doubt as to whether the composer's genius



can impart life to what now looks like a dying art. The concluding piece of the concert was Rossini's overture to *William Tell*. The brilliant and gorgeous strains of the great Italian were performed in a manner worthy of the piece and the occasion. The vocalists were Miss Robertson and Miss Fanny Robertson. It was the first appearance of the latter young lady at the Palace concerts, and it is not at all hazardous to augur, from her admirable singing in Mozart's "Addio," that it will not be long before she has another opportunity of testing her powers. Her voice is pleasant and her art excellent. An apology on account of indisposition was made by Mr Manns on behalf of the elder sister, Miss Robertson; but it was gratifying to find that cold had not really affected her voice sufficiently to imperil the arduous high passages in Mozart's "Gli angui di inferno." They were rendered with ease and accuracy, and the trying air was sung in a manner that secured for the fair artist a re-call. The "sisterly voices" were subsequently heard in duets that roused the audience to enthusiasm.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

## JULES DE GLIMES.

The death of Jean Baptiste Jules de Glimes, a distinguished professor of the vocal art, formerly attached to the Brussels Conservatoire, and as well known at one time to London amateurs as to those in Brussels, the city of his birth, will be heard of with very general regret, both in England and Belgium. Born in 1814 (January 24th), De Glimes, whose merits had already been widely recognized by his own country, came to England in 1843. This was the year which introduced to us Joseph Joachim, Eugene Vivier, the unique performer on the horn, Alfredo Piatti, and Léopold de Meyer, the famous Austrian pianist—the year after Heinrich Ernst, the great violinist, Henri Vieuxtemps, his Belgian, Camillo Sivori, his Italian, and Prosper Sainton, his French rivals, Charles Filtch, the incomparable boy-pianist from Vienna (Chopin's favourite pupil), and Anton Rubinstein, another phenomenon, all of whose names (except that of Filtch, who died in Venice at the age of fourteen) have since become household words in English musical circles, first came amongst us. De Glimes had more than one speciality. He was not merely an experienced and admirable singing master, but a thorough musician at all points, a graceful and elegant composer, an accompanist at the pianoforte without a superior, and a connoisseur unrivalled in his day. Some of his published songs (he wrote many that are still unpublished) are gems, likely to survive, both on account of their facile and taking melody, and as emanations from a polished mind, unwilling to submit anything to the world until it had received those last finishing touches which proclaimed it worthy of publicity. Such a composer shines like a distant star—of the third or fourth magnitude, if we will, but still a star. His criticisms, though he wrote little or nothing to which he could be persuaded to affix his name, were not only acute and far-seeing in their estimate of artistic value, but models of pure style. During the years spent in this country De Glimes found many friends, not only among the aristocracy and wealth of the land, but more especially in professional circles, where his personal worth, gentlemanly demeanour, keen wit, and social qualities generally, found him ever welcome. The account given of him in the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, by his friend and master, the late Fétis, is in several places inaccurate, and in most unsatisfactory. Worst of all is the statement that, "In the English capital, he was known as 'Count de Glimes'"—an affectation of titular rank which would have been thoroughly distasteful to one of his retiring habits and essentially unegotistical nature. In London, as in Brussels, he was "Jules de Glimes" *tout court*; and as such esteemed by all who knew him. One of his warmest appreciators was our own Sterndale Bennett, a man of somewhat congenial nature, as proud of being an Englishman as De Glimes of being a Belgian. Though for many years he had discontinued his visits to this country, owing to his continually increasing avocations as a teacher in his own, Jules de Glimes is still remembered through the many intimate acquaintances and friendships he had contracted. He died on the 4th inst., at his residence in Brussels.—*Graphic*.

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students, on Saturday, October 15th:—

Prelude and Fugue in G, Vol. 2, organ (J. S. Bach)—Mr Dace, Thalberg scholar, pupil of Mr H. R. Rose; Song, "Love, we shall meet again" (Ethel Harraden)—(accompanist, Miss Dina Shapley)—Miss Iggulden, pupil of Mr Fiori; Air, "O God, have mercy," *St Paul* (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Mr Ernest O. Kiver)—Mr F. Sewell Southgate, pupil of Mr F. Walker; Novellette, in D, Op. 21, No. 2, pianoforte (Schumann)—Mr Croager, pupil of Mr Harold Thomas; Song, "The First Violet" (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Miss Elizabeth Foskett)—Miss Eva Thompson, pupil of Mr Gustave Garcia; Allegretto Grazioso, in C, MS., organ (George John Bennett, Balfe scholar)—Mr George John Bennett, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Dr Steggall; Recitative and Air, "O let eternal honours" and "From Mighty Kings," *Judas Maccabaeus*, (Handel)—(accompanist, Miss Elizabeth Foskett)—Miss Kate Shackell, pupil of Mr Shakespeare; Songs, MS., "The Ivy" and "The Wandering Flower" (F. R. Hattersley, student)—(accompanist, Mr F. R. Hattersley)—Mr Hirwen Jones, pupil of Mr Davenport and Mr Shakespeare; Andante and Variations, in B flat, Op. 46, two pianofortes (Schumann)—Miss F. C. Smith and Miss Eirene Pound, pupils of Mr A. O'Leary; Recitation, "The Prophecy of Cypus," *Lays of Ancient Rome* (Thomas Babington Macaulay, Lord Macaulay)—Miss Alice Hall, pupil of Mr Walter Lacy; Preghiera, "O Giove Omnipotente," *Il Ratto di Proserpina* (Peter von Winter)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Miss Chamberlain, pupil of Mr Garcia; Study in G flat, Op. 24, No. 1 (Moritz Moszkowski), and Scherzo in F sharp, from Fantasia Sonata, "The Initials" (William Henry Holmes)—pianoforte, Miss Kathleen O'Reilly, pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes; Song, MS., "The First Grief" (Herbert Smith, student)—(accompanist, Mr H. Smith)—Miss Brittain, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr F. R. Cox; L'Amabile, in E flat, No. 1 of two Characteristic Studies and Toccata in C minor, Op. 33, pianoforte (Sterndale Bennett)—Mr Cullen, pupil of Mr Brinley Richards; Song, "Teach me, O Lord" (T. M. Mudie)—(accompanist, Miss Elizabeth Foskett)—Miss Ada South, pupil of Mr F. R. Cox; Song, "Oh! that we two were maying" (Gounod)—(accompanist, Miss Elizabeth Foskett)—Miss Edith Ray, pupil of Mr T. A. Wallworth; Second Sonata, in D, pianoforte and violin (Walter Macfarren)—Miss Margaret Gyde, Lady Goldsmid scholar, and Mr Frank Arnold, pupils of Mr Walter Macfarren and Mr Sainton.

A concert of Chamber Music is announced for this Saturday evening, October 22.

—o—

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Report says it is in contemplation to confer the honour of knighthood on a few distinguished members of the musical profession residing and practising their art in various parts of the kingdom—the selections to be made from a list of professors, each of whom must have been many years established in his locality, and earned for himself an eminence as a musician and a successful teacher. The result of so desirable a step would be highly favourable to the advancement of the musical profession in a social point of view, and very encouraging to students to have a chance of such a reward before them. Scotland has its musical knight (Sir Herbert Oakeley); Oxford has a musical baronet (Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley); London and Dublin have each their musical knight. There are many distinguished professors in other parts of the kingdom well deserving this honourable recognition of their talents and services. "To be, or not to be: that is the question." Your obedient servant,

BRAVO!

MME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT (with her husband) is at Great Malvern, with which she was so pleased on the occasion of her visit last year. If report may be credited, she is in treaty for a house in this charming and salubrious district.

MONTE CARLO.—In addition to Albani, Scalchi, Vanzandt, Faure, Maurel and Gayarre, M. Cohen, if report can be trusted, has engaged the tenor, Nouvelli. The season will commence on the 1st February with *Mignon*, Marie Vanzandt sustaining the principal part, and finish in March with *Hamlet*, sung by Messrs Albani, Scalchi, and Faure.



## ON BOARD THE "AMARINTHA."

(Extracts from a short Holiday Log.)

We have hauled up our peak, we have squared our halliards, we have taken in taykel, we have hauled up the stay-sail. We fly along, we don't use the spinnaker, the hatches are battened down, the tiller is tied with a rope, and the man at the tiller holds on by another rope. Hailsher, wrapped up in patent leggings, mackintosh, and with a sou' wester tied over his ears, is curled up on the taffrail examining the waves through his eyeglass. Bolby, in an entirely fresh suit, consisting of a rough pilot coat, an oilskin hat, and a pair of seven-leagued boots reaching up over his knees, reminds me of the theatrical portrait of "Mr So-and-So as Will Watch, the Bold Smuggler," only without the belt and pistols, though he might have easily stowed these away under his capacious pilot-jacket; while Cullins, whose complexion at this moment has assumed the faint tint of a Spanish olive that has been some time out of bottle, might, on account of his limp and dejected appearance, be taken for a prisoner, whom the Bold Buccaneer, sailing under the burgee of the Death's-head and Cross-bones, is conveying to a secret cavern in some distant Pirate's Isle, with a view to a subsequent ransom being offered by the Composer's "friends at a distance," who under these circumstances would be "requested to take notice," and stump up. Were this really the case, I fancy the Buccaneer's speculation would be a bad one.

With every button of my Ulster doing its duty, my collar turned up, and my deerstalker pressed tightly down, I defy the elements, stand by a bulwark, and keep a firm grip on the rigging.

Here's a wave coming—up we go—down we go. Here's another bigger than the first—bang—and though we dodge, and though, without daring to let go of my rope, I get as much as I possibly can of myself hidden for a second behind the bulwark, it bursts over us with the force of a small waterspout, and we are shaking ourselves like Newfoundland dogs after a bath, and laughing, to show what careless, hardy, daring, devil-may-care Rovers we all are—all except the Composer, who takes what he gets of his ducking with the utterly resigned air of a man who has given up all hope, and to whom I quote the Shaksperian line, "Let Hercules himself do what he may, The"—when he stops me with a sad reproachful look, which lasts but the space of a flash of summer lightning, and then his eyes resume the fixed, vacant stare of one of Mdmé Tussaud's life-like effigies in wax, to which, on the whole, in colour and rigidity of position, he bears a striking resemblance.

Waves come at us from every direction. There are a lot of waves going, as it were, the wrong way; these, coming into sharp collision with others going the right way, jump up, flood the deck, wet the Composer's shoes—he has twice tried to tuck his feet in under the chair, but the water "made for them" with malice aforethought, running in at them each time as a cat might after a mouse, and so he has given up even this slight attempt at making himself comfortable—and then rush out tumultuously at the open scuppers.

Personally, I am glad of the wind and wetting; it keeps me fresh—and well. I think I'm well. The excitement of this ocean steeplechase—the ship being the sea-horse, and taking all its fences magnificently—prevents my experiencing any decided qualms, and I exclaim aloud, "Ah! this is indeed enjoyable!"

"Isn't it?" cries the Dean.

"Delightful!" says Hailsher, politely nodding his approval of the sea's proceedings up to this point.

"Capital fun!" seems to shout, by way of returning our compliments, the biggest wave we've yet had,—a wave that staggers us all, causing me to lose my rope, when I am swung forcibly round, and find myself sprawling over the top of the state-cabin skylight.

The Steward has crept up the Companion, and the Steward's head, coming out, announces "Luncheon!"

"Shall I? or shan't I? Can I? or can't I? I am all right on deck—couldn't be better. But to go below—is it not as it were to tempt Providence? Will not the cabin be stuffy? It has been shut up all the morning; and won't everything be see-sawing."

"I shan't come down," the Composer says, shortly and decisively, in answer to the Dean's hearty invitation.

"I shall send you a sandwich and a glass of brandy-and-water on deck?" asks Hailsher, very cautiously descending the Companion, and guarding his head as if expecting some practical joke from an exuberant wave. The Composer nods assent.

I am hungry, and a yacht's cabin is not like a steamboat's saloon. I will risk it; and, after a cheerful nod to Cullins, intended in a charitable spirit to impress him with the notion of how very well I am, I watch my opportunity, make a fairly good shot for the opening, and descend backwards. My sea-conscience says, "Are you

doing the right thing?" I have my doubts. I fall against two wrong doors, and then reel into the cabin.

The Steward is there, all sideways, with a tray, apparently making a violent but vain effort to walk up a hill; the Dean is there, slanting in a totally different direction; Hailsher is standing up at what was a sober, sensible table, but which is now only an intoxicated eccentricity, sloping downwards, and doing its best to shake everything off on to the cabin floor.

The piano is going up in the air, the chairs are dancing—I don't know which way to go—I grasp at nothing in the air like an after-dinner Macbeth seeing several daggers—and, worst of all, *there's the whole scene before me repeated in the looking-glass, where the muddle seems to be made twenty times worse.* Oh, dear! now there are two Hailshers struggling with ham, and two stewards going up hills with brandies and sodas on trays, and two Deans toiling about with loaves of bread, and an awful figure, with staring eyes, yellow face, and rough hair, bearing a strong family likeness to myself, but startlingly suggestive of what my appearance might be after a few years of life as a bushranger—and before I have recovered from the shock which the mirror's reflection of myself has given me, someone or something—I fancy at the moment it's a chair—hands me a plateful of ham and some bread, when, all at once, I am seized with an uncontrollable yearning for mustard, and I say, "I'll come for it," meaning the mustard-pot—when, in making one step to the right, towards the table, I find myself shot off by some invisible force in exactly the opposite direction, where I arrive, in an attitude of supplication, clutching the edge of the sofa with one hand and saving my plate with the other. Then I pause for breathing time, and all I notice is that the Steward is still vainly toiling up hill with the same brandy and soda on a tray, which he is vainly trying to deliver to Hailsher, who seems as far off as ever.

I get on to my knees and collect my food. I am still determined as to mustard. The Dean's voice—I only see a shadowy form of him, with an uncertain outline, in the glass—says, "Here it is!" and on all fours I make for the direction whence the voice proceeded, leaving my plate on the floor. Somehow, Hailsher hands me the mustard—that is, I am suddenly thrown forward with a lurch to receive it, and find myself on a level with Hailsher's hand, in which is the mustard-pot. The Steward is slanting backwards on his heels, engaged, apparently, in a frantic struggle with a cupboard. A minute more of this topsy-turvydom, and it will be all over with me. *Happy Thought.*—Champagne! One glass!

The Dean, who seems to be rolling about the place, gives me the champagne—I think it's the Dean who does this, though the Steward's legs are mixed up with it somehow—but, anyhow, I know it isn't Hailsher, as he appears to be "setting," as they say in quadrilles, to the ham, and he and his *vis-à-vis* are doing an eccentric dance from side to side. I just see this as I drink off my champagne, which I take kneeling, as though I were a Jacobite pledging "the king over the water," and then feeling that one second more below will settle, or rather unsettle me effectually, I make a wild dash for where I think the door is, bump up against the side, jerk to the right, stagger to the left, fall sideways into a recess where the waterproofs ought to be, stagger out of this, go head-foremost against a side cabin-door which doesn't yield to pressure (thank goodness!), then fall back on the second step of the companion, seize the companion-rail, dash up the stairs, bang my hand against the cover which has been shut down, ejaculate forcibly, struggle to remove it, crawl out on deck, stagger upon my legs once more, gasp, regain my position, and my firm grip on the rope of safety!

How do I feel? How am I? I think I'm all right. I question whether taking just that extra inch of ham was quite judicious, but the champagne, coupled with my determination to come on deck, saved me. Another five minutes! No more qualms—a magnificent wave is coming full at us! I will not duck my head! Prepare to receive wave! Shoulder arms! Present! *Water!! Bang!!!* Delicious! Delightful! I am a giant refreshed with salt water! And—which is everything to me—I am warm and comfortable, an effect that I feel is entirely due to that one glass of Pommery! If challenged to make another rhyme, I would sing the praises of that "glorious vintage of champagne," as a certain remedy for *mal de mer*. I will tell this to the Composer. It will do him good. Where is he? There is the vacant chair. Has he—while we've been carousing below—has he been washed overboard at last? The man at the helm will know. He says that the gentleman didn't feel quite right—he has gone below.

So the day wears on. Rougher and rougher—and always more or less within sight of Ailsa Craig, covered with sea birds, like white pocket-handkerchiefs spread out to dry.

Arran in view. Comparatively still water. I descend to see after Cullins. I find him behind the cabin-door. Better in colour and general tone: but inclined to take a despondent view of the future.

He freshens up : and when we are once more anchored stem and stern in Lamlash Bay, he is as ready for dinner as the rest of us.

We notice that he is more amenable, and less grumpy. He is almost cheerful, and very nearly polite, if not absolutely considerate.

He does not feel up to music, so we sit silently enjoying the calm beauties of a moonlight night in Lamlash Bay, and then turn in. All tired.

"I say," observes my "stable companion," as he sits by the side of his berth, *en déshabillé*, rubbing his knees thoughtfully, "I say—"

I am all attention.

"You're going away after a week of it, ain't you?"

I sincerely regret to say I am. In fact I must.

"I shall go with you," he says.

I point out to him that this course will be most rash; that he is throwing away six weeks of pleasure because he has had one day's bad experience: I assure him that he will get more and more accustomed to it as he goes on: I remind him that Nelson was always ill,— "at starting," I add emphatically, foreseeing his objection to the eminent example as a case in point of not having got over it: and I finish with heartily, "You stick to the ship, and you won't be ill again!"

"Ah!" he exclaims, with a dissatisfied air, "I don't so much mind being ill; but—" and here, in his classic costume, he climbs into his berth, and shivers.

"You don't mind being ill!" I repeat astonished. "But—what?"

"Well, I don't mind so much being ill,"—he returns, in a tone of most intense annoyance,— "but *everything's so damp!*"

I have no answer to this. Our conversation ends. He is right; there is a good deal of dampness about, especially in the berths. The things have a way of clinging affectionately to you, and you do feel strongly inclined to find fault with somebody for their not having been thoroughly aired. But I say to him, "Isn't it often the same at the sea-side?"

"Not exactly the same," the Composer replies, discontentedly, as he turns his face to the wall, and in a few minutes we are both sweetly asleep in the utter calm of Lamlash Bay.

(To be continued.)

#### CONCERTS.

MR JOHN CROSS gave a concert on Wednesday evening, October 19, at the Holborn New Town Hall in aid of the fund collecting for the widow and orphans of the late Samuel Eagle. Mr Cross was assisted in his charitable endeavour by Mme Touzeau, Misses Ellis Walton, Emily Paget, Clara Myers, and Belval (vocalists); Mr Collingwood Banks (organ); and Mr and Mrs Sewell Southgate (pianoforte). Mr Cross was warmly received and heartily applauded after singing "The Death of Nelson," and was called upon to repeat a new song, "Golden hair." Miss Clara Myers was encored in Cowen's "Better Land" and Behrend's "Auntie," and the same compliment was paid to Miss Paget after "The last rose of summer." The concert, indeed, gave general satisfaction.

BOW AND BROMLEY INSTITUTE.—Dr Spark, of Leeds, gave his new lecture on "English Glee and Part Songs for Male Voices" here on the 17th ult. before a large audience. The Yorkshire St Cecilia Quartet sang the illustrations with much spirit and refinement. The specimens were well chosen. Beginning with Este's "How merrily we live"—which seemed to foreshadow the glee—and passing on to Webbe, Calcott, Horsley, Bishop, Tom Cooke, and Spofforth, Dr Spark reached the men of our own generation—Hatton, Smart, and Sullivan. The lecturer pleaded for the cultivation of glee singing as a home recreation, and urged that the glee is superior in musical character to sickly ballads and flimsy opera choruses. Even after the finest instrumental performance we always recur to the living notes of the human voice—the organ made without hands. Dr Spark's plea for the better recognition by John Bull of his own native musicians and their works was heartily received, and a little piece of his own, "The Chorister's Sunday lay," was encored by the audience, which was a large one.—Communicated.

LEIPSIK.—The first Gewandhaus Concert took place on the 6th inst., with the following programme:—

First Part, "Festival Overture" (Op 50), R. Volkmann; Air from *Oberon*, Herr Gudehus (of the Theatre Royal, Dresden); Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, No. 2 (composed and played by Herr Xaver Scharwenka—first time); songs with pianoforte accompaniment (Herr Gudehus); Pieces for the Piano—Prelude and Fugue, in E minor, Mendelssohn; *La Ricordanza*, Liszt—(Herr Scharwenka). Second Part: Pastoral Symphony, Beethoven.

#### PROVINCIAL.

MALVERN.—On Saturday, October 8th, two grand concerts were given in the Concert Room, in the afternoon and evening, and on both occasions there were large audiences. The artists were Miss Robertson (soprano), Miss Fanny Robertson (contralto), Mr H. S. Bywater (tenor), Signor Foli (bass), with Mr C. Hayward as solo violinist, and Mr Astley Langston as solo pianist and accompanist. The programmes were varied, comprising some classical, as well as popular music, arias, songs, ballads, duets (vocal and instrumental), quartets, and instrumental solos. Miss Robertson, who possesses a legitimate high soprano voice, clear and sweet, gave, very effectively, arias and songs well suited to it. Miss Fanny Robertson's voice was heard to advantage in the concerted music; Mr Bywater's singing was admired; and Signor Foli, though suffering from a cold, proved himself master of the situation. The violin and pianoforte solos were cleverly rendered. All the performers were warmly applauded and, in several instances, encored. The pianoforte was a full-sized concert grand, manufactured by Rudolph Ibach Sohn, supplied last year to Richard Wagner and used also by Rubinstein. It has the exceptional compass of 7½ octaves. Messrs Haynes & Co. are importers of all instruments by this maker.—*Malvern News*, Oct. 15.

STRATFORD.—Miss Teresa Bonini, of Ilford (Essex), gave her "annual benefit concert" at Woodgrange Hall, Forest Gate, on Monday evening, October 10th, assisted by Miss Ada Bennett, Miss Donald, Messrs Charles Wakefield, William Bach, R. Roper, and A. Gosland. Miss Bonini is an experienced singer as well as a performer on the harp, on which instrument she accompanied herself in "The blind girl to her harp" and the "Last rose of summer" (both of which she had to repeat) with exceptionable ability, Miss Bonini also joined Mr Roper in John Barnett's well-known duet "The Singing Lesson" (encored). A choir of "twelve selected voices" sang some part songs with effect, and Mr Bach gave with great spirit two new songs, "The Iron Founder," and "The Yachtman's song," by Wellington Guernsey.

#### FOR MUSIC.\*

Oh, reaper, turn! and leave me but one flower,  
This tiny bud, my blossom fair and sweet;  
My other treasures all by you were garnered,  
Transplanted at thy heavenly master's feet.  
But oh, how desolate it left my garden,  
How cold and bare the lonely grassy mound.  
I wept in vain; my darlings all had left me,  
My tender babes were sleeping 'neath the ground.

Sure you have reaped a goodly bounteous harvest,  
From out my garden, culled my fairest flowers;  
Then leave me this one babe, my last fond treasure,  
My only comfort through the weary hour.  
Sure there are lilies battered down and broken—  
Poor bruised ones—they need thy master's love.  
Why pass them by? Go, reaper; take the weary  
And plant them in the garden fair above.

\* Copyright.

ALICE MOWBRAT.

ITALIAN OPERA AT THE LYCEUM.—Repetitions of *Faust*, *Di-norah*, and *La Sonnambula* have been the "order of the week," under the baton of Signor Tito Mattei, and M. Samuelli, in place of Signor Li Calsi. This evening *La Figlia del Reggimento* is announced, with Mdle Marion in the principal character. The theatre has been well attended.

MR BRUCE has received by cable the news of a most successful debut of *The Colonel* in America. Mr Burnand's popular comedy was brought out at Boston on Saturday, Oct. 15th, and was rapturously received by a brilliant audience. The press notices were of a highly eulogistic kind. A long and prosperous run through the United States seems destined for *The Colonel*.

The rank of Royal Prussian Chamberlain has been conferred on Von Bronsart, Intendant of the Theatre Royal, Hanover, and the title of Excellency on Baron von Puttlitz, Intendant-General of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Baden.

MADRID.—Important alterations are being made in the Teatro Apolo previous to the Spanish operatic season about to commence. Señorita Bordalba is leading soprano; Señores Candio and Roterio are the tenors. The list of new and original operas includes *La Serenata*, by Chapi; *Sagunto*, by Llanos; and *Tasso*, by Pedrell.

## VIENNA—FRANZ LISZT.

(Correspondence.)

The following circular was sent by the Society of the Friends of Music to the musical associations of the capital: "On the 21st of the present month of October, Franz Liszt completes his seventieth year. For the numerous services rendered by the venerable Master to Vienna, it is only becoming that Vienna should on this occasion give expression to its feelings of deep sympathy and grateful appreciation. The Society of the Friends of Music have resolved on embodying their congratulations in an address, the significance of which depends on the fact of its being signed by the representatives of all the musical associations and institutions for musical education in Vienna. The text of the address, which the Society of the Friends of Music undertake to have artistically executed, is as follows: 'The musical associations of Vienna offer their homage to the deeply-respected master of tone, Dr Franz Liszt, on his completing his seventieth year.'"

The once-celebrated operatic singer, Therese Mink, died here not long ago. Her first successes date from 1832, when, at the age of twenty, she was engaged at the German Theatre in Pesth, where she remained uninterruptedly for fifteen years. The Pesthers raved about their favourite, whom they called the "Pesth Nightingale" and the "Pesth Malibran." But in other places, likewise, did Therese Mink subsequently achieve great triumphs. She fulfilled three different engagements in Vienna, victoriously holding her own against such singers as Heinefetter, Lutzer, and Hasselt. Among her leading characters were Romeo (in *I Montecchi e Capuletti*), Norma, Donna Anna, Alice (in *Robert Le Diable*), and Desdemona. She was last engaged in Lemberg. She died in reduced circumstances.

—o—  
WAIFS.

At the Drill Hall, Malvern, Mr W. Gomersall's dramatic company—"acknowledged by the press, the public," and visitors to Mr T. G. Fuggle's hospitable Crown Hotel ("dem it all") at Worcester, "to be the best in the provinces"—have been giving a series of performances. Last night, for the benefit of the enterprising impresario, "the beautiful comedy by Tom Taylor and Dubourg, entitled *New Men and Old Acres*" was followed by "the screaming musical farce of *Jenny Lind*." Whether the illustrious Swede (who, as our readers have been informed, is residing here) was tempted to honour the performance with her presence, has not "transpired."

Miss Agnes Zimmermann, with the co-operation of Herr Straus, the excellent violinist at the Popular Concerts and leader of Mr Halle's Manchester orchestra, as well as of the London Philharmonic Concerts, gives the first of her projected three "pianoforte and violin recitals" of classical music at the Guildhall, Cambridge, on Monday evening next. Her second is announced at Oxford, for Nov. 7th; her third at Bristol, for Nov. 11th. The programmes are unexceptionable, as might be expected from Miss Zimmermann's known taste.

A stone tablet has been affixed to the house in which Alfieri was born at Asti.

Donizetti's *Dom Sebastiano* has been revived at the Imperial Opera-house, Vienna.

Handel's *Josua* has been given under the direction of Odenwald, in Marienburg.

A musical solemnity in memory of the late Casamorata is being organized in Florence.

Professor Richard Wüerst died suddenly in Berlin, on the 9th inst., in his 57th year.

A joint-stock company is projected for the purpose of erecting a new theatre at Tripoli.

Professor L. Boschetto, of Naples, has written a three-act comic opera, *La Cometa di 1881*.

A temporary theatre, capable of containing 950 persons, is to be erected for Italian opera at Nice.

One of the oldest contributors to the *Ménestrel*, Auguste Pittaud de Forges, died recently, aged 79.

The Italian season at the Teatro Real, Madrid, was inaugurated on the 7th inst. with *Guillaume Tell*.

Jules de Swert's opera, *Die Albigenser*, is being translated into French, under his personal supervision.

Bernhard Stavenhagen, pianist, has this year carried off the Mendelssohn Stipend for executive musicians.

Cianchi has been appointed to succeed temporarily the late Casamorata at the Musical Institute, Florence.

*The Rose of the Carpathians*, three-act opera by Siegfried Saloman, has been favourably received in Copenhagen.

Cyrril Wolff has resigned his position as professor of harmony and organist to the St Cecilia Association, Vienna.

The tenor Guardenti, having withdrawn from his engagement at the Teatro Bellini, Palermo, goes to Havannah.

For singing 75 evenings in St Petersburg and Moscow, Mdme Sembrich receives 300,000 francs.—(Oh!—Dr Blüthner.)

The busts of Georges Kastner and Baron Taylor have been placed among those of deceased academicians at the Paris Institute.

G. W. Teschner, teacher of singing, has just published a new work: *Dodici Vocalizzi con Pianoforte, Lipsia, C. A. Klemm*.

In addition to his *Rabagas*, written in 1877 and to be produced at Naples, De Giosa has another opera ready for representation.

Brambilla-Ponchielli, while travelling with her husband (the composer) from Lecco to Milan, was robbed of her watch and chain.

*Edipus auf Kolonos* will be performed with Mendelssohn's music in the early part of next month at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

A School of Music, with a staff of nine professors, has been established, under the direction of Don Francisco de Lucas, in the town of Murcia.

A bust of Duprez is to be placed in the lobby of the first tier at the Paris Grand Opera, where one of Roger has already stood for some time.

Alfred Hayn, pupil of Grützmacher's, was the successful competitor for the place of solo violoncellist at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt.

A Männergesangverein, on the model of the societies in Cologne, Vienna, &c., has been formed in Leipzig with *Capellmeister* Nikisch as Director.

Carl Heymann, accompanied by his sister, Mdle Luise Heymann, soprano, will shortly commence his winter campaign with a concert at Frankfurt.

Schradieck resigns at the end of the season his post in the orchestra of the Gewandhaus, that in the Stadttheater, and that at the Conservatory, Leipzig.

In consequence of indisposition, Signora Lablache, who was to appear as Amneris in *Aida*, at the Teatro Costanzi, Rome, has cancelled her engagement.

The series of Sinfonie-Concerts, which, under the direction of Herr Mannsfeldt, have become so popular, commenced for the season on the 2nd inst., in the Gewerbehaus, Dresden.

Mdlle Alt, who made a hit this summer at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin, and is now singing at the Theatre in Würzburg, goes next spring to Paris to study under Mdme Marchesi.

Handel's *Samson*, Bach's High Mass in B minor, and Vierling's *Alarich* will be produced at the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Subscription Concerts, respectively, of the Singakademie, Berlin.

The death is announced, in his 81st year, of Mr William Laidlaw, the oldest amateur musician in Liverpool. He was well known and esteemed in that city, as well as by many professors and amateurs in London. Mr Laidlaw was the possessor of a large and valuable library of music.

DRESDEN (from a lady correspondent).—Dear Mr Editor,—I am once more comfortably settled in my truly lovely Dresden home, and have already heard two grand operas. The *Königin von Saba* is given here with sumptuous magnificence and artistic perfection of *mise-en-scène*. Herr Riese's singing of the air in the Garden Scene was exquisite, and those moonlit gardens realized a dream of eastern loveliness. Fräulein Malten, as the Queen, was splendid both as actress and singer. The singular air allotted to the slave, Astaroth, was so sweetly sung by Fräulein Reuthor as to win well deserved applause. The entry of the Queen to Solomon's palace, and the palace itself, with its carved cedar woods, its gold and ivory throne, surmounted by peacock's feathers, were truly imposing. Gluck's magnificent *Armida* was produced last Thursday with equal success, the music far exceeding in beauty that of *Die Königin*, Fräulein Malten in the part of the loving but unloved heroine, as a histrionic singer, often reminding me of Tietjens. Herr Riese sang the music allotted to Rinaldo with spirit and finish, while that of the two Knights was rendered most satisfactorily by Herren Degele and Gudehus. The three ballets were fairy dreams, and the orchestra was throughout beyond praise. The requirements of *Armida* are large, and no fewer than ten of our Dresden "stars" were called into request—the music is so lovely, tender, and graceful, at times so majestic, and soul-stirring ever! I wish we could have *Armida* in London. The ballet music alone is a continuous stream of melody; I quite long to hear it again.—M. H. H. Dresden, Oct. 15.



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18.	Lady, wake—"Lady, wake, the village chimes" ...	Walter Maynard 0 6	50.	Love wakes and weeps ...	Prof. G. A. Macfarren 0 6
19.	Take thy banner ...	James Coward 0 6	51.	The two Stars ...	Walter Macfarren 0 6
20.	Lovely Spring is come again ...	Emanuel Aguilar 0 6	52.	Bells across the sea ...	Walter Macfarren 0 6
21.	Fall on us, O night ...	W. J. Westbrook 0 6	53.	Beside a placid silver stream ...	C. H. Couldery 0 6
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26.	O slumber, my darling! ...	Henry Leslie 0 6	58.	Pack clouds away ...	Henry Smart 0 4
27.	The Corsair's Home ...	John Thomas 0 6	59.	Proud Maisie ...	Arthur O'Leary 0 6
28.	Spring and Autumn ...	John Thomas 0 6	60.	On a day, alas the day! ...	W. H. Cummings 0 6
29.	Resignation ...	J. G. Calcott 0 4	61.	Ask me no more ...	Cleveland Wigan 0 6
30.	Go, lovely rose ...	Charles Gardner 0 6	62.	When the wind blows ...	William Horsley 0 6
31.	Sweet stream that winds thro' yonder glade ...	Sir W. S. Bennett 0 6	63.	Hear our prayer, O heavenly Father ...	T. R. Prentice 0 6
32.	Rock me to sleep ...	F. Berger 0 6	64.	And shall Trelawny die? ...	C. A. Macirone 0 6
			65.	Welcome, day of joy and gladness. Christmas Carol ...	J. L. Hatton 0 6
			66.	And now we'll say good-night ...	Seymour Smith 0 6
			67.	My soul is sinking ...	Ignace Gibsone 0 4
			68.	The Grasshopper ...	Ignace Gibsone 0 4

To be continued.

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O. D. RAY.

Thorpe Hamlet, Norwich, February 23rd, 1881.

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